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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

GREATNESS

The sun, like jewels through the air,
Flings beams in every place;
So does the mind of beauty share
Its treasures with the race.

The purpling rose in shine and shower
Yields to the winds its breath;
So is the gracious heart a flower
That spills itself to death.

Music of nature clear and whole
Sounds in the shell and wind;
So voice of the ennobled soul
Speaks soft to all mankind.

As God might from the sky descend
With robes of healing free,
So do the souls of greatness bend
Clothed with humility!

The Craftsman —*Edward Wilbur Mason*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXV THURSDAY, MAY 6, 1915. NUMBER 10

MYSTIC HAMMERS

The frost with little soundless wedges
Can pry the cliff apart;
Yes, it can heave the ancient ledges
And make the mountain start;
So Love with stroke of delicate sledges
Opens the flintiest heart.

The Nautilus. —*Edwin Markham.*

The *Homiletic Review* for May prints as a frontispiece Butensky's Statue of Universal Peace, now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. It is an heroic figure, literally beating swords into plowshares with the intensity of a master workman. This is a figure that asks the many buttoned wearers of swords in the public parks of America to move up and give room for him, a preacher of a better gospel, a prophet of a wiser age.

Mr. Stoughton Cooley, in *The Public* for April 30, speaking of the principles of the Woman's Peace Party, which have already been printed in UNITY, says:

> It is hard for the average man to realize that woman is outgrowing the rôle of man's plaything. He is dimly conscious that she is not just what he has been thinking she was. He has faint glimmerings that she is beginning to assume the form of an individual, responsible being, capable of reasoning and reflecting, and of asserting her right to pass judgment. But of all those who have difficulty in grasping the new idea, the slowest are those who are devoted to the policy of the Big Stick. But grasp it they must. And once they comprehend the moral basis of the woman's cause, they will save themselves from much absurdity.

Mr. Theodore H. Price in *The Outlook* for April 28 considers the probability of Europe repudiating her war debt, an event not so drastic or so improbable as it may seem. In the last analysis, the wealth of nations, as of individuals, rests upon the integrity of its people, the clearness of brain and stalwartness of muscle of its citizens. When these sureties are recklessly swept away through the joint malignity of the nations involved, it does not require the astuteness of a financier to discover that the integrity of their people is jeopardized. What is the value of the bond when the bond maker is dead, debauched or hopelessly invalided?

The untimely death of Carl Bitter, the rising sculptor, by an automobile accident in New York, makes pathetic the recent unveiling of the statue of Thomas Jefferson at the University of Virginia, a theme worthy of the highest art. Thomas Jefferson is still an unappreciated figure in American history. His message is poorly understood and too much neglected. His credentials for immortality are adequately written in the epitaph which he himself composed. He was the founder of the University of Virginia, the one who caused the enactment of religious liberty in the constitution of Virginia and the author of the Declaration of Independence. The unborn generations will more keenly appreciate this record than that which is now living.

The committee on the awarding of prizes for peace essays appointed by the Church Peace Union, reports that in the pastors' competition, Dr. Gaius Glenn Atkins is the victor. Subject, "The Causes of War." In the student group the first prize was won by an Oklahoma student. Subject, "Victims of Victory." The best ten essays in class three were awarded to one Idaho student, two Colorado, two Illinois, two California, one Iowa, one Maryland and one Texas student. The themes of these students are suggestive. Here they are: "Christmas, 1914," "Exploded Theories," "International Justice," "The Federation of Nations," "The Mission of the Neutral Nations," "The Monroe Doctrine and Peace," "The Evolutionary Aspects of International Arbitration," "Some Criticisms of Peace Proposals," "Constructive Warfare" and "War and Peace."

The return of Bishop J. W. Bashford from an eleven years' experience in directing the Methodist missionary activities in the mysterious realm of China is an event that will interest a far wider constituency than that of the Methodist Church. Bishop Bashford went prepared by previous training and mental attitude to minister to the higher needs of China, to fraternize with the nobler elements, to appreciate whatsoever was excellent in the religious thought and morals native to the people. He reports, according to the *California Christian Advocate*, that the Chinese government is "absolutely enforcing" the prohibition of the opium traffic. A few years ago one-third of the land in one province was planted to poppies. A recent trip through that province revealed that poppies were grown nowhere. He also reports that the public is "rapidly reaching stability," that the present government is paying all expenses and that it is apparently able to govern China without the interference or supervision of any foreign power. All this is good news from a source which UNITY is inclined to accept as credible.

The *Chicago Examiner* for last Monday has an editorial setting forth the collapse of Lloyd-George's attempt to lift from England the menace that comes from its third and most formidable enemy, the drink habit. The editorial is forceful because sensible. It calls attention to the weakness of the Lloyd-George movement because it was essentially aristocratic. The lordly ones were willing to forego their *right* and their *pleasure* in order to keep the "dock workers and the mechanics" sober that they might work longer hours. There was nothing said of the curse of drink upon those higher up. It also calls attention to the fact that the "dry" movement in England does not have the overwhelming support of the women as it does here in America. There the "publics" are open to women as to men and they are generously patronized by women. The editorial also calls attention to the fact that since the wives and widows of soldiers are receiving regular stipends, the drinking of women has greatly increased. The great Welsh commoner must begin lower down and farther back if he is to save England from her greatest enemy.

The following card, neatly printed in colors, has been received at the peace office at Chicago. It announces the fact that over 10,000 have already been distributed in England. There is a suppressed constituency unrepresented by the press, the platform or the pulpit, the silent, patient citizen, the praying mothers and the aged fathers in all the warring countries, who are fundamentally opposed to violence and have glimpses of the truth as it breaks through the mist of sophistry and artificially colored lights of patriotism. Here it is:

Wanted

a Comfortable Home in America for all European Kings and Emperors as their Palaces are Required for the Wounded.

Readers of UNITY have been privileged from time to time to profit by the wisdom of Prof. Frederick Starr concerning the Republic of Liberia, and they will not wonder at the following testimonial of appreciation that came from this far off sister republic: sister, though a child of dusky parents, a republic that has maintained its integrity through many difficulties and is steadily climbing toward the light. We congratulate Professor Starr on this well deserved compliment. We congratulate still more the Republic of Liberia for having so intelligent a champion in this parent republic, where confidence in and support of the citizens of Liberia is all too meagre.

Executive Mansion,
Monrovia, Liberia,
March 25, 1915.

Prof. Frederick Starr,
University of Chicago,
Chicago, Ill.

Sir:

I am directed by His Excellency, the President, to forward to you under registered cover by this same mail a copy of a Joint Resolution which was passed by the last Legislature, commendatory of the good work you have done in behalf of the Republic of Liberia.

His Excellency expresses the hope that you may long live to represent impartially and justly the cause of not only the Republic of Liberia but of the weaker peoples of other parts of the world, a task for which you are eminently fitted both by sympathy and largeness of heart as well as by intellect and keenness of insight.

I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant,

WALTER F. WALKER,
Secretary to the President.

A resolution to express the thanks of the government and people of the Republic of Liberia to Professor Frederick Starr of the University of Chicago, U. S. A., for his interest manifested in behalf of the republic:

It is resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Republic of Liberia, in Legislature assembled:

Section 1. That the National Legislature, through this medium, express the sincere thanks of the government and people of Liberia to Professor Frederick Starr of Chicago University, U. S. A., for his interest and zeal in behalf of the Republic of Liberia at the exhibition of the Chicago Historical Society, on March 23, 1914, illustrating the history and condition of Liberia, and especially for his efforts in endeavoring to give Liberia's true position in the "Dark Continent" and its relation to the foreign powers; and the President of the Republic is hereby requested to transmit a copy of this resolution to Professor Frederick Starr as a token of the appreciation and thanks of the people of Liberia.

Approved, September 21, 1914.

Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead, Secretary of the Women's Peace Party, is doing valiant duty in fighting the bugaboo of "unpreparedness." The *Baltimore Sun* in a recent issue contains a column article in answer to a pamphlet by Mr. Charles G. Bonaparte, of honorable fame, entitled "Preparedness for War a National Duty." In answer to Mr. Bonaparte's appeal to history, she says:

> He speaks of our foreign wars as if implying that since we became a republic we had been attacked and were, therefore, in danger of future attack. We ourselves began our war of 1812, which left us where it found us. We began the Mexican War, which General Grant, who fought in it, said was one of the most unjust wars ever fought by a strong people against a weak one. We began our war with Spain, which Minister Woodford said we need not have done if we had waited forty-eight hours. It was the result of the blowing up of the Maine from some unknown cause, of yellow journalism and of political pressure. In these foreign wars combined, including the Philippine war, we lost less than 15,000 men by foreign bullets.

As to the cause of our Civil War, Mr. Bonaparte has most of the "Army and Navy League" back of

him in forcing an analogy where no analogy exists. The question of police regulation and enforcement of law inside of a government has no connection with international quarrels and strifes. The enforcement of law is one thing, the attempt to settle disputes by an appeal to physical force is quite another thing. Pacifists are quite ready to organize an international police force whenever the nations agree to submit their quarrels to competent courts of law rather than to the use of rusty and rusting machines of destruction. Which machines are a composite construction of steel and human nerve, of powder and brain. Again Mrs. Mead has the argument:

> Mr. Bonaparte counts in our Civil War with our foreign wars as if it were in the same category when armaments are to be ordered for future defense. Civil war comes under an entirely different head, because before civil war is imminent no one can say whether more guns may not help the wrong side. Had our arsenals possessed twice as many guns as they had in 1861 the southern arsenals would have been fitted equally with northern ones, and neither would have had any advantage thereby.

The writer, with forty or fifty thousand others, toiled in the rifle pits of Vicksburg for forty-seven days to recover some United States cannon that had been shooting against the government for two years. Mr. Bonaparte and Colonel Roosevelt and their associates who are panicky over our unpreparedness, are charged with being

> afflicted with a bad case of mental astigmatism and see improbable dangers as more threatening than absolutely certain ones. Moreover, they ignore the power of a defensive force which throws all short-lived, costly fleets into the shade. It is the great new power of non-intercourse, which is a million times more powerful than it could have been before there came about the economic interdependence of nations and instant communication with the ends of the earth. Though an organized world will evolve an international police to replace rival armies and navies, yet, as Justice Brewer declared, "it will never require an army to enforce a Hague court decree." Non-intercourse, when embodied in international law, will be the sanction behind arbitration and the most potent force to bring a faithless nation to terms. No nation can long endure being cut off from railroad, shipping and telegraphic connection after disarmament, and only militia is left for internal protection; it could not be aggressive against a united group of nations.
>
> Why not spend as much time in promoting this costless, effective force as in continuing the costly, bloody, futile method which tries to settle questions of honor or whatnot by explosives? Armaments, as insurance of peace, was the dream of the militarists last year. Their fatuous dream, which ignored human nature, is costing the warring nations as much money every twenty days as if a dollar had been destroyed every minute for nineteen centuries; and this makes no account of loss of life. Why not try now some other advisers and get more effective statesmanship and less battleships? Why not study the possibilities of federation, the creation of more international law and the gradual, proportionate reduction of the armaments which are wrecking civilization, even when no nation wanted to fight?

Some Good Books to Read

The readers of UNITY need not to be assured that anything from the pen of our colleague, Joseph Fort Newton, will be interesting. Perhaps no man in the UNITY horizon has been doing more publication of late than this persuasive preacher of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. The last book to reach us is a dainty little volume entitled "Wesley and Woolman, An Appraisal and Comparison." It would seem to be a far cry from John Wesley, the aggressive founder of Methodism, to John Woolman, the non-aggressive rustic Quaker leader of Pennsylvania. The story of each is told separately and not until both stories are completed do we discover the material for the third chapter, which is entitled "Wesley *and* Woolman." Both are considered under the word "Mystic," a title which Mr. Newton has done much to clarify and interpret. Both pitched their lives on an intensely practical plan and in them were these two words which are so often cruelly set over against one another, "mystic" and "practical," made to join hands, touch elbows, stand together, or, better yet, work together in the uplifting of the world. A dear little book is this published by the Abingdon Press of New York and Cincinnati, which can be obtained for twenty-five cents.

The bare life, sifted to the bone, of John Chapman the great nurseryman of early Ohio, as told at the unveiling of his monument in the public park at Mansfield, O., November 8, 1900, and published by the Historical Society of Richland County, Ohio, is perhaps stranger and stronger and more interesting than any work of fiction that can be based upon these facts. It is a case, indeed, of truth being stranger than fiction. To write a romance of "Johnny Appleseed" is an attempt to gild gold or to paint the rose. But after having said this, we are glad to pay our tribute of gratitude to Mrs. Eleanor Atkinson for her story recently published by the Harper Brothers and illustrated by Frank T. Merrill, "Johnny Appleseed, The Romance of the Sower." It is a story for the spring time, a reinforcement to the orchard man, an encouragement to the good intentions which haunt the plans of every good farmer, namely, to let no spring pass without the planting of some new tree; without at least making good the place in the orchard made vacant by the dead, dying or unprofitable trees to which place has been assigned. The dairymen have much to say about "robber cows," the nurseryman have not yet been able to make effective their argument concerning the "robber tree." The tree that never bears, or, bearing, yields meager, unpalatable fruit, should be cut down and replaced.

But there is more than orchard inspiration in this story. It is a story of the conquest of Ohio, Indiana and the West that fifty years ago laid east of the Mississippi. It is a story of the intangible contributions of the East to the great empire represented by the Mississippi Valley, and this story by Mrs. Atkinson is touched with dainty blossoms, brave deeds, all shot through and through with a mystic longing and a dreamer's remoteness that belongs to the story of

a man whose Swedenborgian faith inspired his apple tree planting and consoled him in his disappointments.

Myrtle Reed is remembered as a writer of passionate stories, of vivid, fervid romance. It is a new glimpse of the author that we find in "Happy Women," published by Putnam's Sons, with a foreword by her friend and our friend, Mary B. Powell. Here are a dozen women all too briefly sketched, but the sketches are etchings, done with a dainty point. The list is inclusive, reaching from Dorothy Madison to Queen Victoria, Queen Louise of Prussia to Jenny Lind: Dorothy Wordsworth, Caroline Herschel, the great sisters of great men, Elizetbeth Barrett Browning, the great poet wife of a great poet, Charlotte Cushman, the Puritan actress, Lucretia Mott, the Quaker prophet, Florence Nightingale, the tender nurse, the founder of schools for training nurses, and Sister Dora, another great English nurse, are included here. This is a good book with which to rest oneself in an idle hour.

"An Ethical Problem; or, Sidelights Upon Scientific Experimentation on Man and Animals," by Albert Leffingwell (C. P. Farrell, 117 East Twenty-first Street, New York), is a large volume of three hundred and seventy pages which brings together the final wisdom of an American physician, who has given his life to the study of medical science along lines of investigation and experimentation. Perhaps no other man in America has so good a right to speak on vivisection from the standpoint of an expert as Dr. Leffingwell. To our mind he has here gathered in a forceful way the last sane word to be said on this sensitive question. In these nineteen chapters he has discussed almost every phase of the problem. The chapters evidently were born out of differing needs and written to meet the want of different occasions. Dr. Leffingwell has occupied a difficult position, standing as he does midway between the contending parties. He condemns vivisection unguarded by strict discipline and inspired by mere curiosity or desire for technical skill. He justifies it in the hands of the competent investigator, and the man who appreciates the sanctity of life, and also the relative values in life. This author discovers the law of cruelty and opposes it mercilessly. He also discovers the law of sacrifice and would apply it humanely. In short, this book, which seems to be a final summary of the good Doctor's life on the subject, may be well taken as an encyclopedia on vivisection, looked at from the standpoint of the moralist and the physician. There are illuminating appendixes giving technical information and the chapters are characterized by vigorous English and a lively sense of a physician's obligations.

The Cry of the Children

This is the time when the heart of the city born turns longingly to the country. The singing birds and blooming orchards haunt those who are confined by noisy streets and the murky atmosphere of cities. This is the time when the benevolent should forget their own impatience as to when they may go on a vacation and plan and plot for the escape of at least some of the children who live in tenements. In the midst of its festival week, reported in another column, the Abraham Lincoln Centre is planning for the development of the Lincoln Centre Farm on Clear Lake, near Milton Junction, Wisconsin, a property which cost over $11,000, consisting of some thirty acres of land, a barn, caretaker's house and a dining hall, kitchen and attendants' quarters. The management is now planning to construct at least two wooden dormitories, simple and sanitary, accommodating twenty cots each and room for a chaperon. Then there is some fencing to be done and a well to be dug, for which a donated windmill is waiting. All of this will cost fifteen hundred or more dollars, of which seven hundred and fifty dollars have already been received in response to a private call. One prominent business man, whose name is known far beyond the limits of Chicago, accompanied his check of $500 with the words:

> I take pleasure in sending you my check for $500 in reply to your letter of the 20th. The work you are doing is so good that I cannot refrain from helping it along, and I know that you are doing much good, so I am only too glad to be able to do something for you myself.

The management is making this appeal not for current expenses, which are being provided for by those in closer touch with the Lincoln Centre, and who have in one way or another an annual budget of about $30,000 to meet. But, perhaps, there are some readers of UNITY blessed with fresh air, warm hearts and a margin of means beyond their personal wants and the legitimate needs of their own dear ones. Should any such read this notice and have their hearts stirred with compassion for the little ones, the Editor of UNITY will be glad to give them further information and to reinforce such generous impulses with hearty co-operation.

Send us forth with the pathfinders of humanity to lead Thy people another day's march toward the land of promise.

—Walter Rauschenbusch.

Spend as much time as you can, with body and with spirit in God's out-of-doors.

—Henry Van Dyke.

The grass grows, the buds burst, the meadow is spotted with fire and gold in the tint of flowers.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

In Days of Suspense

Who can tell what havoc the Great War has made in minds and hearts over all the earth! What sundered friendships, what divided feelings where once there was unity, what a dull ache of disillusionment, what collapse of buoyant, expectant, inner life! Many a man is remembering old scenes, old ties, old sympathies and feels that the continuity of these dear things has been rent and torn. Never again, he sadly says. It is hard for him to tell another just what he means by this. Young people do not understand him, when he sighs over the rupture in his inner life.

We are not the same people that we were a year ago. We were dreaming and the dream was sweet. The world—so we dreamed—was aglow with a passionate, eager expectancy of social betterment. The world seemed plastic to a new faith and hope. We were to have social justice sovereign over all competitive and ruthless greed. We were to have a great crusade of organized intelligence and organized sympathy for the abolition of poverty. A programme would be found for concerted action that should gain control over the economic mechanism, making it a partnership of capital and labor, providing systems of insurance that would dispel the haunting terror of sickness and old age and possibly remedying the curse of unemployment due to the alternate chills and fever of trade; a programme of housing reform, reform of municipal rules, reform of popular education, new provision of communal recreation, the inauguration of a richer, freer, more wholesome, more joyous human life. All this would come because society seemed moved by a new passion of fraternity, and a day of loyalty, of peace and love was announcing itself. It was good to be alive at such a time when the world was so freshened with hope; a blessed thing to have a share in the enterprises of science and art and scholarship and all the high activities that were contributing to this beautiful expectation. The dream was sweet. It was not a private or local fancy; it was so in all the nations.

Then we awakened to a world plunged into war and destruction and filled with voices of anger and hate rising loud and shrill. We have heard men avow that they turned now from the gospels to the imprecatory psalms for Bible reading. We have read a new version of the Lord's Prayer which calls for the annihilation of a hated nation. We need not rehearse all the evidences of passion sweeping over the hearts of men like a desolating tidal wave.

And in these months who can think of other things? The scholar finds his tasks insipid and unreal, the eager curiosity of the scientist is no longer absorbed by the problems of his laboratory, the artist finds his imagination deadened. Even in nations at peace attention turns from all the ideal enterprises of social reform to look with lowering suspicion on other nations, and men hint at some vague future menace and the need of battleships, and of preparedness for another havoc of war.

He who writes these words is by profession a student and a teacher who has become sick at heart at the thought of science prostituted to the trade of slaughter and of systematized culture cherished as a title to conquest and domination. He knows by the indubitable certainties of his own soul that all learning and cultivation of mental faculty and esthetic taste are but dross when they are not the means and instruments of that worth that lives in friendship and human kindness and the quest of a perfect heart. In these days of a world grown terrible his only joy has been in surrendering to the dictates of the spirit that clamors to give love and feed on love, that checks anger and censure and pursues peace and concord. That is the supernatural in man, that is the sovereign authority, that is the soul's blessedness.

If this is so for one, it is doubtless the case with many. Let us hope that it is the world's case. The cannons still roar and the earth is still being drenched with the lives of men, but even the combatants seem to shudder at the folly and the worthlessness of such misdirection of human efficiency. When it is over, will not the world turn by irresistible need to the only source of joy, to the spontaneous impulses that make a life of affection and kindness and peace? And then the arts and sciences will have a new birth simply because men must think wisely and find right means for the execution of the law of love. The great programme of social good will begin again with a renewed fervor. If not, woe for us!

Then we in our land will feel less of the exhaustion of energy, the depletion of wealth, the poison of rancor. Then we will have the summons to exhibit a systematized national effort to show what man at last can do for the creation of a social order, nobler, purer, sweeter, happier than man has ever known. It may be the one good that the war can do for us, to point our duty and our privilege.

* * * * *

A Big New Poet

Some time ago I made a brief study of Kipling which was printed in UNITY. In this study I maintained that Kipling was a poet of originality, spontaneity and sympathy; that he had discovered a new style in literature, and that the poets of vision and courage, coming after, would find in him a teacher and a comrade.

And here comes a young man with a big brain and a melodious ear, a real poet, who says: "I acknowledge my greatest debt to Mr. Kipling."

He would be a brave critic who would name with Longfellow, Tennyson, Swinburne, Heine, Whitman, Francis Thompson and John Masefield this young poet, Alfred Noyes; but this I am compelled to do by the versatility and strength of his genius.

I have been reading Mr. Noyes' poems with great delight. They make their appeal to me by their breadth of view, the richness and exuberance of their imagery, their beauty, melody and humor, their simplicity and sympathy.

Mr. Noyes finds his subjects in all places and among all persons. No life is common to him, or without its essential dignity; and though so young, he seems to have passed through the whole diapason of human emotions. He is an illustration of the truth for which I have long contended, that breadth of ideas may be associated with tenderness and depth of feeling. With larger philosophical grasp Mr. Noyes has the beauty of Shelley and Francis Thompson. He shows us how we may make our migration from the

> tyranny of fact
> To hunt the fairy gleam.

Mr. Noyes also shows us, as has been my contention, that great ideas may be expressed in simple lan-

guage, and that metaphysical mistiness, involution, and obscurity are not the essential constituents of poetical genius. There may be the great thought and the child's heart and the child's speech.

I know Mr. Noyes will please Dr. Jones because of his spiritual message, his hope, his joyousness, his courage, and his humor. Some of us who have cut every thread which fastens us to the superstitious dogmas of the past wish that Mr. Noyes had not retained so many of the old theologic phrases, but we recognize his great gifts and believe the deeper melodies of life, those of the true, the beautiful and the good, are not inaudible to him.

Mr. Noyes is well known in England and should be equally well known here. Lack of space will permit the following eloquent lines only, which I have not seen quoted elsewhere. Let us go, he says:

To that ignorant infinite God who colors the meaningless flowers;
To that lawless infinite Poet who matches the law with the crime;
To the Weaver who covers the world with a garment of wonderful hours,
And holds in His hand like threads the tales and the truths of time.

JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

A CAROL FROM FLANDERS.

In Flanders on the Christmas morn
The trenched foemen lay,
The German and the Briton born—
And it was Christmas Day.

The red sun rose on fields accurst,
The gray fog fled away;
But neither cared to fire the first,
For it was Christmas Day.

They called from each to each across
The hideous disarray
(For terrible had been their loss):
"O, this is Christmas Day!"

Their rifles all they set aside,
One impulse to obey;
'Twas just the men on either side,
Just men—and Christmas Day.

They dug the graves for all their dead
And over them did pray:
And Englishman and German said:
"How strange a Christmas Day!"

Between the trenches then they met,
Shook hands, and e'en did play
At games on which their hearts are set
On happy Christmas Day.

Not all the Emperors and Kings,
Financiers, and they
Who rule us could prevent these things—
For it was Christmas Day.

O ye who read this truthful rime
From Flanders, kneel and say:
God speed the time when every day
Shall be as Christmas Day.

The Atheneum. —*Frederick Niven.*

THE PULPIT

The Deeper Rationalism

A Sermon by
REV. PAUL DANSINGBERG
Kansas City, Missouri

PROV. 2:10. *When reason entereth into thy heart, understanding shall keep thee.*

We say that we believe in a rational religion; we hold dear the freedom of reason to prove what is that good and acceptable gift of the Lord. To deny freedom to reason is immoral. Faith to be firm and high, we say, must be based upon reason. They tell us that the Bible is infallible in every word and letter. We go through its various books, compare them, see when they were written and by whom. After this process of careful study and analysis, if our reason tells us that the Bible is infallible—well and good; if it does not tell us this we do not believe it. In either case, reason is supreme and free.

They tell us that Jesus was God and that He performed miracles. We then proceed to examine this statement by going to Jesus as we would to Washington or Lincoln. We ask what material we have upon Jesus—how long after He died was this material written down—what preconception did the writer have who tells us about these miracles. After such a careful examination and weighing of evidence, if our reason tells us that Jesus was God and that He performed miracles, we believe it; if it does not tell us so, then we do not. In either case, reason is our guide and light and rationalism here means an explicit principle of judgment. It means the investigation, analysis and comparison of certain statements and a given data. Here we mean by rationalism an act of judgment. But this is an early and simple stage in the life of reason and if it is all that rationalism is, we soon come to the point where it ceases to work and breaks down.

Let us take an example of this, by considering for a moment a case of morality. If we pick out two men of ordinary intelligence whom we happen to meet and ask them if to commit murder is right or wrong, they will very probably agree in their answers to us. Their judgment upon this point will be uniform and through this uniformity of judgment society is maintained and conserved. All agree in holding that it is wrong to commit murder. But if we press the question and ask why it is wrong to commit murder, we at once get great differences of opinion. The philosopher may tell us that it is wrong because it is inconsistent with the happiness of mankind. The moralist will tell us that to commit murder does violence to conscience, and conscience is a sacred arbiter. The statesman will say that it destroys social confidence and rends the fabric of society, while the religionist would say that to murder is contrary to the commandment of God.

Now how comes it that there is such a strange variety in the pathways by which these various individuals reach the same conclusion. The goal they reach is the same—i. e., it is wrong to commit murder, but the pathways are widely divergent. Clearly, rationalism as a sole method of procedure is not altogether final. There is something deeper working here than reason. It is education, family training, preju-

dice, public opinion; and reason comes in later to put its sanction and stamp upon something which it did not itself create.

Now in the very nature of the case, it is impossible to reason our way to all the propositions and beliefs which we use in daily life. Before such a vast complexity of movement and life, before so many possible lines of action, reason, like a good judge, simply gets behind its docket. If all credible propositions, if all intended modes of action had to wait upon reason before they became real and took on life our intellectual machine would break down under the very excess of material.

Action is imperative—numberless circumstances of time and place crowd upon us—action must be sure and swift. Reason as a mere process of judgment and logic cannot keep the pace. She requires time to work. She must pause at times to consider. Reflection is the very secret of her power. What then can reason do? She must in some way increase her speed. She must become something more than a mere logical proposition. If she is only this, she will be overwhelmed.

In the face of this situation what does reason actually do to maintain her own existence and to do her work in the world? She becomes something more than a judgment or a syllogism. She becomes a habit—a temper. Reason builds about herself a climate—an atmosphere favorable to the life of certain beliefs; and unfavorable, nay even fatal, to the life of others. As a mere judgment reason is very limited; as an atmosphere she can do much more work and is most effective. As a climate reason may cover an individual, an epoch, a whole civilization.

We have the reasoning habit today; we are living in a rationalistic climate and in this we are greatly favored. We do not need to prove everything or to disprove everything. We can take some things for granted. Beliefs which once flourished exceedingly, now linger only in the minds of the simple. Some time ago a friend told me it was to be a very severe winter; he knew it because the moon this fall had worn a halo of clouds! I remonstrated with him in a quiet way, but I did not feel under the necessity of proving to him his error beyond the shadow of a doubt. A gentleman in one of our papers has lately been trying to prove to us that a ground-hog is a more dependable weather prophet than the weather bureau, but there has followed no bitterness upon the subject because most realize that this belief also is a relic which will not thrive in our rationalistic atmosphere. Reliance on miracles, confidence in demons and witches flourished at a time when men were in the habit of credulity because they were so ignorant of the world. Were we to ask some one today why he no longer believed in miracles, think you that he would point us to the discoveries of science, or would tell us the latest results of criticism to give support to his disbelief? If the one whom we thus approached were thoroughly human he would do no such thing. His disbelief in miracles, or witch-craft or ground-hogs, would not express itself in an abundance of facts; likely enough he would offer very little argument or citation to prove that the earth is round or that disease is caused by germs. He would simply say: "Why I had taken this for granted; I had supposed, of course, that every one believed in law and order instead of caprice and chance. Come to think of it—I find it impossible to believe in miracles."

In such a reply our friend is testifying to the presence of the rationalistic climate which surrounds us today as the air surrounds the bird and the water the fish. The beliefs in witchcraft, in miracles, in demons have passed away. We cannot tell just when they died—we perhaps do not remember to have seen a formal obituary notice of their demise. But today it is not worth anybody's while to argue against them. We suspect that they simply found that a rationalistic climate was not good for their health and determined to migrate to places of greater darkness.

The practice of hypnotism testifies in a different way to what a rationalistic atmosphere will do. Hypnotism was indigenous to the Orient; in the dream-land of the East was her cradle and her natural home. But it happened that several years ago she decided to come west and try her fortune in the Occident. She sought admittance to our land but was at first refused. We did not like the appearance of so strange a guest; we thought she would hardly fit into our life. Two generations passed; she knocked again at our gates. Because this time she brought good credentials and because we had been studying the human mind to greater profit since her first appearance, she was at last allowed to take out her naturalization papers. She still found in rationalism a hostile climate—the atmosphere was chilly for her—but she called in the evidence of the senses and expert witnesses. These helped her to acclimate herself to our rationalistic atmosphere and we have found her a helpful and useful companion.

In this form of climate reason does her greatest work and does it speedily and automatically too. If a belief is fit to live it will acclimate itself. By living in an atmosphere of reason we are protected against frauds and fallacies which have had their day. We are relieved of the necessity of much painful refutation and tedious demonstration. As the old Proverb says, "when reason enters into our heart, understanding shall keep us."

We see then that reason has a progressive life. When we see her only in argument and syllogism we know but a part of her story. Here she is but a child. Grown older she becomes a climate; in this form she is the deeper rationalism. Reason is something like the architects of the Middle Ages. We are told that these architects in building the old Cathedrals first thrust their buttresses out into the light and then built along the lines of these buttresses. Reason does the same thing. She thrusts out her buttresses in the form of logic and judgment. Later she comes back over these to shape her great cathedral of color and light. Her outposts are with the mind; her inner shrine is within the heart.

Since this is so, reason is larger and more inclusive than logic. History is not logical but history is reasonable. Take such a movement as Chivalry with its high ideal of truth, chastity and honor. Logically it is difficult to explain chivalry, issuing as it did from a background of war and violence. In such a society chivalry is a paradox—an anomaly. It represents a reaction against the very darkness and violence of the conditions out of which it sprang. But logic knows nothing of reaction; given certain premises it moves in a straight line to its conclusion. This is not so in

the life of reason; she is a spirit which mantles many conditions. Chivalry was reasonable but not logical. As a reaction we can understand it—although it was not logical.

The same thing is true of Christianity itself. When we trace its humble origins and its gradual extension in society, its light and sweetness against a world dark in corruption and selfishness, Christianity appears illogical and full of phases which we do not understand. But when we know more of Christianity—its purity, worth and beauty—when we realize that it called men from lives pampered and satiated, Christianity may not become logical to us but it becomes reasonable and vital.

So it happens that the earlier stages of reason, as it manifests itself in fixed logic and formal proposition, often impede its more mature life in the heart and temper of men. The rage for strict and rigid definition seized a large part of Christendom, Catholic and non-Catholic, during the Reformation troubles. In time these very definitions became impassable barriers and obstacles to the open-mindedness and toleration which are a part of mature rationalism.

The progress of reason is not continually in a straight line; she does not maintain herself by the mere accumulation of data. Her growth does not resemble that of the plant, straight and continuous. It resembles more the climatic process by which the continents are built up. New currents constantly come in to change and modify. A process of destruction accompanies the process of construction. New material is deposited at one point while old material is cut away at another. This deeper rationalism has slowly been building through the centuries and in its life we shall yet be the children of peace—of sweetness and light.

They tell us that the physical air we breathe is composed of five or six different elements: Oxygen, nitrogen, argon, carbon dioxide and ammonia. If rationalism is an atmosphere it likewise must be made of several elements. So it is not a simple thing but a vast composite.

The first great element in rationalism, I take to be the open mind which goes forth without prejudice or preconception in quest of the truth. This is the mind which loves truth for its own sake and not merely for its utility value. This idea that we are pilgrims and must go forth with the faith of pilgrims is one of the basic qualities in the rationalistic temper. The second element is tolerance—tolerance of our past beliefs—tolerance of other people's beliefs, not out of sheer indifference but because we seek many expressions of thought and faith so long as these are sincere. We believe in tolerance as the necessary principle of statehood. It shall be the high program of our state, of our schools, of our intellectual life to cherish tolerance; then in the wake of this there shall follow freedom of discussion, and we shall be really free to speak as we think and go unharmed if we do so speak. There will not be a great price attached to free speaking, no exile or ostracism as in the past.

Upon the other hand there is no indifference in rationalism. We shall realize the profound significance which ideas have to social welfare. There is going on among systems of thought a struggle for existence even as among animals and plants, and freedom or slavery issue to us from the struggle. If our beliefs be vital they will take firm hold of us and bring us into the field of service and interest. We shall not hold them so loosely as to be indifferent nor so tightly as to be intolerant. These are a few of the elements which make up this wonderful composite—rationalism. Added to these is the firm faith in the integrity of the world. It is a flowing, changing world, not a stationary one. It is a dynamic world and not a static one. It can be trusted and we move amid the eternal ways. Since we live in this dynamic flowing world our reason cannot harden into moulds or become fixed. It must flow from form to form until it becomes pervasive, regulative, purifying, like the air which we breathe.

TITO

A Study—By Louise W. Brady

Read Before the Study Section of the Ann Rutledge Club Abraham Lincoln Centre

In studying the charatcer of Tito, I have come to the conclusion that the source of all his misdoing came from his utter lack of any sense of duty. This was the single root, sin, out of which all the others grew. The great problem of duty was completely overshadowed by the problem of self-preservation and self-interest. Of course it was not certain that his benefactor and foster father had survived the shipwreck, but Tito desires to think of him as dead. Why should anything shut him out from the enjoyment of everything he desires? He saw love and prosperity within his reach, so it was inevitable that the qualms he experienced when he remembered his father should be ineffective.

Fortune seemed to favor Tito. His marriage with Romola strengthened his social position. He was content to spend some weary hours with the blind old Bardo, but only to win favor of father and daughter. After this, ambitions took him elsewhere. The noble wife found excuses for the neglect and indifference of her husband. Selfishness became such a distinct channel in Tito's life that he allowed nothing to come between him and his pleasure.

And how easy it was for him to excuse and justify himself in regard to the little Tessa! He did not wish to harm her, neither did he wish to be disloyal to Romola, but he could not resist the entertainment Tessa gave him, and concealment of this affair was so easy. Tessa trusted him implicitly and to disillusionize her would be bringing him into an unpleasant situation, and from anything unpleasant Tito shrank.

After Fra Luca's death, with Romola's trust in him still secure, he had ceased to trouble himself about thoughts of Baldassare. It is little wonder that he, for a moment turned pale when Baldassare arose before him on the steps of the Duomo. But Tito had a brain which worked like lightning when confronted by emergency. With the lie "Some madman surely," he made the denial which was the beginning of a war between two men—hate in Baldassare—fear in Tito.

This fear led him to purchase the chain armor, which implants suspicion in Romola's mind and makes more lying a necessity on Tito's part. With the removal of immediate fear, however, he began to recover confidence and hope. With no guide but de-

sire and trusting only to deceit and defensive armor, it is not surprising that Tito practiced the deeper hypocrisy to become rich and prosperous. Keeping up a triple game with the political parties, he made himself sure of the favor and money of whichever party came uppermost. Yet Tito's thirst for power was no stronger than Baldassare's thirst for revenge.

At the supper in the Rucelli Gardens Tito was again confronted by serious emergency. To him the appearance of Baldassare must have been like the specter Banquo at the royal feast; but he met this desperate crisis with characteristic coolness and skill. He soon dispelled the disagreeable impression made by the interruption, and self-interest again triumphed.

Tito apparently was incapable of feeling sorrow of any kind. With Romola's grief and suffering over the sale of her father's library, compare Tito's coldness and cruelty toward her when he foresaw that his plans might be thwarted. He would have preferred not to come in collision with Romola because that made an unpleasant scene, but his own pleasure must be accomplished at any cost.

In Tito's life, however, the time was coming when all that had been slowly evolving from his deceit and treachery must culminate. Although his base conduct toward his father had been concealed by successful lying, total concealment in politics was impossible. Tito knew how strained conditions in Florence had become, and fearing investigation and consequent dis-esteem, he made plans for his departure from the city. But here, as in all other events which had followed the guilty man, circumstances transpired to thwart him, and we see Tito in his last attempt to escape from what is disagreeable. He had betrayed every trust to keep himself safe and seek his own pleasure. Events had stood for a time between him and justice; but it was only a postponement. He must pay at last his debt. Providence has so ordained that those who break any great law do not succeed in avoiding punishment. And what an awful death was Tito's! We approve of punishment for such a man as Tito. We say no suffering is too poignant for him, and it is not! But we cannot withhold our pity from a man caught in such a web of Destiny.

This Is an Age of Faith

There is no nook or corner of the universe free from the prying eye of the scientific investigator. There is no subject so vast or so mysterious that must not submit to his tests. History, sacred books, creeds, institutions, laws—all must pass under his eye. What appeared well established is dissolved into thin air under the heat of his reverent iconoclasm. There is no power to stay his mind or to withstand his questioning. He enters the most sacred precincts and lays bare the secrets of centuries. Temple and judgment seat, mart and altar must yield to the persistent questioner.

Every tradition is subject to examination. All history, sacred and profane, must pass under his microscopic eye. Nowhere can priest arise and with assurance of obedience cry, "Halt! Thus far, but no farther!" All things on the earth and beneath the earth and above earth are subject to the compelling power of the soul who has the passion for knowledge.

"It has been said of old" no longer has compelling power. We sometimes shudder as we see the irresistible man of science enter the holy of holies. We urge him to take heed and to beware. But he fears neither past nor future. All things are subject to this reverent passion for Truth.

There is no mystery too sacred or cult too old to cause the man of science to hesitate. His purpose is inflexible. This is the glory of the present age. It is the age of science. Men are satisfying the long pent-up passion for knowledge. Yesterday the few had access to the secrets of the past. Today thousands crowd the doors of our colleges, universities and libraries. No longer do these take the word of the wise. They seek for knowledge themselves.

Without fear they tear down ancient bulwarks of privilege. They unmask the pretentions of priests and kings. They no longer are humble servitors of tradition, but, rather, enthusiastic devotees of freedom and truth.

We may deplore, at times, this unruly army of truth-seekers. Their hands may seem to be ruthless and their hearts somewhat hard, but they see the beauty of truth rather than the ashes of error. Theirs is the reverence which springs from reason and not that which thrives on superstition. This is one phase of the great democratic movement. No more special privileges can exist in the realm of knowledge. Men are asserting the capacity of all men to think, to reason and to judge. The Bible is not the book which the chosen few must interpret. It is a book which all may read. That marks an almost immeasurable advance for the race. We live in a world where truth, not authority, is our object of worship.

This means that in all the phases of life the inquiring mind will assert itself, and that the interests and judgments of men are bounded by no authority imposed from without. Each man is dignified and glorified by the fact that he is a truth seeker. His faith is not what others have found, but in what he has felt, seen and known.

This is the democratic principle in religion. It is the right of individual judgment, exercised and recognized as the basic factor in the foundation of character. The spirit of the age affirms that each man must for himself discover his faith and create his own religion. The joy of discovery is the privilege of every free soul. The Divine Adventure is open to all the sons and daughters of men.

The ideals which stir and inspire are those which we discover for ourselves. We are not soldiers whose duty it is neither to question nor to doubt, but free citizens of the Universe.

This is not an age of irreligion but rather an age of faith. It is a time pregnant with high ideals and surging with great passions. Now as never before are men set free to find for themselves the grounds for a rational religion and a living faith that shall reveal to future generations of men the Way of Life.

Lincoln, Neb. A. L. WEATHERLY.

For days of health; for nights of quiet and sleep; for seasons of bounty and beauty; for the glory of earth, and its ministry to our need and delight—

We thank thee, our Father.

W. C. Gannett.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion
The New Testament

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson
and Mrs. William Rothmann

XIV.
Mark

(Second Lesson.)

Suffer the little children to come unto me; forbid them not; for to such belongeth the kingdom of God. x:14.

This book is a good one to begin on in the study of the life and message of Jesus, not simply because it is the earliest record but because it is the earliest it is the least sophisticated, the least elaborated, the most spontaneous. It has the characteristics of the old chroniclers of English history, which we read not because they are history but because they form the raw material out of which history must be made. This crude biography was formed out of the oral traditions which grew, as traditions have always grown, even as they grow in the present printing age where facts are so accessible, like the snowball.

If we could trace John Muir through the mountains with alert ears, mingling among the old hunters and trappers, we would get a rare conception of his personality. The exaggerations would testify to his power. Reading Mark in this light, remembering that we are dealing with the most original sources, it falls into little stories, incidents and moralizings which, quite detached the one from the other, form the best material for us to come to a certain appreciative sense of the power and an adequate estimation of what followed.

What did follow? In the loving traditions that finally made for us a New Testament, the story followed the centers of the then commercial world around the Mediterraean, in Syria and Rome beyond, where were planted those fertile garden spots that sprang up into historical Christianity and all which that implies; it followed this simple Nazarene, the son of a carpenter, with his little coterie of rustics, most of them neighbors, fishermen and countrymen, all but one of them probably Galileans like himself; that one, Judas, came from the south.

In the last lesson we found that the books of Mark and Matthew and Luke carry Jesus through the revival period. We follow Mark in an outline of what happened to Jesus on his missionary career which led him from Cesarea-Philippi, which name indicates that he was beyond Jewish dominance in Roman precincts. Some kind of a crisis came and he turned back. From that time on he kept telling his disciples the doleful story of opposition and death that he realized was inevitable. He invited them to go with him to the annual festival at Jerusalem, the ancestral, sacred city. Interesting details of that journey from Galilee to Jerusalem are given, beginning with the tenth chapter and running through the thirteenth. Note the disjointed character of the narrative. It is not a diary. But as we turn the leaves of our book we find that the incidents are characteristic. On this journey Jesus encounters the curious, searching questions which run all through these gospel stories, some of them evidently by questioners who wanted to trap him, who sought to discover the weak points in his message, but others, and as often, by sincere investigators. He, himself, was disturbed by the mental uncertainty all about him, in this transitional period when the prophets of the old régime, the Torah, were being challenged on every hand, when the very children of the Temple were talking Greek rather than Hebrew, affecting Greek culture.

In the tenth chapter one was disturbed about the divorce problem. The answer of the Master was very brief, just enough to show that he went beyond the mere letter and technicalities of divorcement to the heart of the matter.

Here we have the touching story of how mothers brought their little ones that he might say a word and put his hand on their heads. The disciples, perhaps jealous or stolid, demurred and he replied in the tender words of our text.

Here is another searching problem. You remember Hoffman's picture, a wonderful interpretation of the story of the elegant young man, well dressed, with a refined face: "Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" The conservative answer, "What does the law require of thee?" But, says the young man, I have kept those requirements from my youth up. Then says the Master, "Go, sell what thou hast and give it to the poor." A home thrust and the young man "went away sorrowful for he had great possessions." This story strikes through all time and all ages to the core of the problem of wealth. What are you going to do with your wealth? Is your consecration commensurate with your riches? As I understand it, life's bounty must be interpreted in terms of service. These questions show what was in the air.

On the way Jesus began to see the clouds on the horizon. To his disciples he said: "We are going up to Jerusalem; and there the Son of Man will be betrayed to the Chief Priests and the Teachers of the Law, and they will condemn him to death and they will give him up to the Gentiles." In the last analysis it was a Gentile execution that Jesus suffered. The Cross is of Rome and not of Jerusalem. Roman soldiers arrested him and divided the spoils. Jesus went on to say that after three days he would rise again, which, if actual, contemporary history might distress some of our conclusions, but we will remember that it was the accumulated tradition of forty years. This sense of inevitable doom on the part of Jesus finds many parallel illustrations in history. He who is burdened with a message sees not only the cloud but something beyond, denoting a psychic condition, such as took possession of John Brown, who courted the doom that came. Hamlet says:

> The time is out of joint: O cursed spite
> That ever I was born to set it right!

Note again the artless, naïve hint in the request of the two disciples, they who had been with him so long but who did not understand his mission. How pathetic his answer to their request:

> You do not know what you are asking! . . . . Whoever wants to become great among you must be your servant, and whoever wants to take the first place among you must be servant of all; for even the Son of Man came, not to be served but to serve, and to give his life as a ransom for many.

The story of "Blind Bartimaeus" is one of the folk-lore tales which one may feel free to distrust if the probabilities account for it in other ways. The breaking down of the miracle does not in any way diminish the spiritual insight and leadership involved in previous incidents.

The old story of the coming of the "King," riding on an ass, the disciples meeting him with palm branches, crying, "Hosanna!" is psychologically acceptable, but historically doubtful.

The story of the "Fig Tree" is incredible on the face of it, unenlightening on its spiritual side, but so revealing of the folk-lore that followed.

There is good, rich spiritual content in the story of Jesus entering the Temple Courts, when he was so impressed with the mercenary character of the dealers in sacrificial animals, necessary offerings and part of the Jewish obligation at such festivals. The words,

> My house has been called a house of prayer for all the nations, but you have made it a den of robbers,

are pretty drastic. Such commercial tendencies are not confined or peculiar to the Jews, for always everywhere religion has had to contend with the commercial spirit.

Many of these stories are very human, very tender, very psychologically credible, and you strangle them if by compulsion you try to fit them into bonds of an infallible text.

Jesus finally comes in conflict with the chief priests and authorities and we have the story of the agitation, the search, the final arrest and very cruel and unjustifiable trial and death.

We will have a lesson by itself on the Resurrection, the New Testament story of it, the conception of Jesus and the relation of the resurrection to our thought of immortality.

TODAY.

Sure, this world is full of trouble—
I ain't said it ain't.
Lord! I've had enough an' double
Reason for complaint.
Rain an' storm have come to fret me,
Skies were often gray;
Thorns an' brambles have beset me
On the road—but, say,
Ain't it fine today!

What's the use of always weepin',
Makin' trouble last?
What's the use of always keepin'
Thinkin' of the past?
Each must have his tribulation,
Water with his wine,
Life, it aint no celebration.
Trouble? I've had mine—
But today is fine.

It's today that I am livin',
Not a month ago,
Havin', losin', takin', givin',
As time wills it so.
Yesterday a cloud of sorrow
Fell across the way;
It may rain again tomorrow,
It may rain—but, say,
Ain't it fine today!

The American Lumberman. —*Douglas Malloch.*

THE STUDY TABLE

Some Choice Books

We are overrun with books on the social problem; but there is one from Professor Elwood of the University of Missouri that is worth the while. It is dedicated "to the far thinking men and women of the twentieth century." This is not a rambling talk about social affairs, but a brief analysis of the social problem in western civilization, and aims to outline a scientific social philosophy, which shall serve as a basis for well-balanced progress. I like the book thoroughly from end to end, and am sure it will do a deal of positive good. It is published by the Macmillan Company.

From the same company I have a group of novels, "Getting the Wrong Start," supposed to be a genuine autobiography—and there is so much in it that belongs to an author's or preacher's life that it is well worth reading. I like these rather unpretentious books that nudge you in the ribs. Another in this group is "Arrows of the Almighty," by Owen Johnson. Johnson is author of "Stover at Yale," "The Salamander" and "The Varmint"—none of which I liked. It is a new style, and rather taking to a crowd of readers. I shall read this book more thoroughly, although in opening I find samples of the new style of eloquence, which consists mainly in profanity. A third of this pile is "Brunel's Tower," by Eden Phillpotts. I shall read this novel thoroughly and with a resolution to like Mr. Phillpotts if I can. His men and women belong in a pottery community, and the story is intensely interesting from that standpoint. H. G. Wells appears as author of "Bealby," also in this list; and we wonder what Wells will write next. Is he always joking, or is he always terribly in earnest. England always has a prophet on board; and for several years H. G. Wells has been a seer of a wonderful sort. Whether he ought to be stoned as a false prophet or given a place in the Cabinet it is hard to tell. At any rate, read "Bealby," which is the first one in this pile that I am working through. I except "The Harbor," by Earnest Poole, a novel of the every-day classes around New York. It has in it a lot of good stuff. E. P. POWELL.

BOOKS RECEIVED

G. P. Putnam's Sons:
Germany, France, Russia and Islam, by Heinrich von Ireitschke.
Can Germany Win? By An American.
Patricia, by Edith Henrietta Fowler.
The World Crisis and the Way to Peace, by E. Ellsworth Shumaker.
Is Death the End? By John Haynes Holmes.

Andrus and Church:
Millard Fillmore, by William Elliot Griffis.

Harper Bros.:
Johnny Appleseed, by Eleanor Atkinson.

Fleming H. Revell Co.:
Asia at the Door, by K. K. Kawakami.

The University of Chicago Press:
Religious Education in the Family, by Henry F. Cope.

The Abingdon Press:
Wesley and Woolman, by Joseph Fort Newton.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

FESTIVAL WEEK AT THE LINCOLN CENTRE.

Those who attended the whole or a part of the Lincoln Centre and All Souls Church Spring Festival last week had a splendid chance to see in practice the principles for which the Church and the Centre have always stood. The very keynote of the whole exhibit was co-operation; the most striking feature, even to the casual observer, was the number and variety of ages and interests gathered together in one common interest and one common purpose. It seemed very fiting that this festival should take place in a building which has so long been a center of work toward world-wide peace and human brotherhood, that those who have preached and labored for the great scheme should have worked out around them one little corner of the big idea.

During the festival week each of the departments attempted something a little more ambitious than the daily work and yet something growing out of and a culmination of what had been going on all winter—and so intermingled and inter-related are the activities of the Centre that many participants found themselves representing two, three or four different phases of the work, while mothers, brothers and sisters represented yet others.

The regular work and play of the Centre went on as usual, Kindergarten, Mothers' Club, Boys' and Girls' Clubs, gymnasium, singing classes, cooking classes, craft classes and all the others, each in open session, ready for the inspection of the friends of Lincoln Centre. And then there were the more special programs toward which had gone much work and much thought during several busy weeks.

Monday evening was a particularly gala occasion. Little tots and older boys and girls joined together in the dances and songs of many nations, ending with a fine chorus of "The White-Bordered Banner." On Tuesday there was more folk dancing at the open meeting of the Mothers' Club. Wednesday afternoon the piano department helped by the singing classes gave a musicale of violin solos, piano solos and songs; and on Wednesday evening the Senior Boys' and Girls' Clubs combined in a charming presentation of "Pride and Prejudice." Thursday afternoon the Junior Girls' Club gave a dramatization of "Snowdrop and the Seven Dwarfs" to the great entertainment of an audience of children just a size smaller than the actors.

On Friday evening there occurred an entirely new departure in the history of Lincoln Centre, a debate between a picked team of the older boys, banded together as the Lincoln Literary Club, and the Demosthenes Literary Society of the Northwestern University Settlement. From this most successful initial trial there grew and was formulated by Mr. Jones the idea of a triangular union, a Rostrum League, to keep up this competitive intellectual upreach year after year and train more and more boys in clear thinking, forceful expression, and the spirit of the game.

On Saturday afternoon came two cunning plays, "Little Red Riding Hood" and the "Three Bears," by the members of the Dolls' Club. Sunday morning Mr. Jones preached a splendid and inspiring sermon to the members of the Confirmation Class on a text of their own choosing:

"They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak.

* * *

They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three."

The Festival was wound up on Sunday afternoon and evening by two presentations of a moving picture exhibit in the interest of peace, a dramatization of Baroness von Suttner's "Lay Down Your Arms."

Those who followed the festival through the week either as participants or as onlookers, saw its end with regret, yet with an added realization of the possibilities of service to the community for an institution which believes that "To share and to serve is the glory of life." JEANNETTE F. MUNROE.

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Father of Life, I thank Thee, too,
For old acquaintance, near and true,
For friends who came into my day
And took the loneliness away.

—Adele R. Ingersoll.

Just a word of kindness,
Just a laugh and song,
Makes our dear earth brighter
As we march along.

—Edwin Markham.

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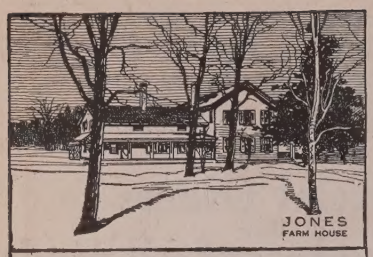

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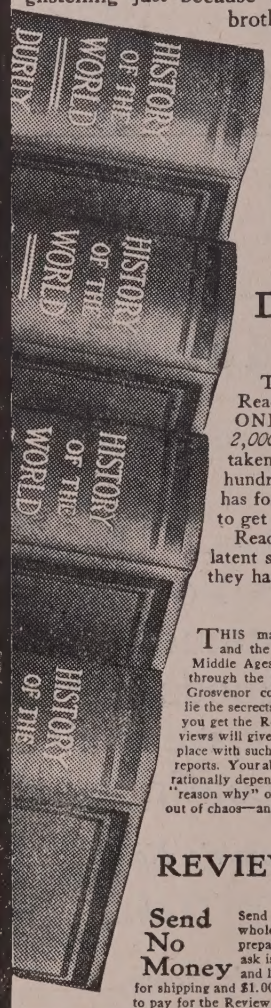

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